

**GODSLAYER #7 Script**  
***DIRE THINGS Part I***  
**By Brian Holguin**

**18 PAGES + 4 PAGE Prose Back up**

**The following words are CQ:\_**

**ABAX  
AELPH  
ARCADEA  
BAIRN  
CARABAX  
DELPHO  
DROMO  
ELTHRAIN  
ELYAR  
EMBRIA  
ENDRA-LA  
HATH-UR  
JORREN  
KASTREA  
LLYRA  
MABRECHAI  
MATHOM  
MERROW  
NYNTH  
PANDOS  
PRAELYX  
TYBALT  
UHMBER  
UR  
URSHREK**

## **IFC Recap:**

*Since time before memory, the world of Ur has been ruled a myriad of Gods, competing pantheons that rule over the many kingdoms of man. Now, from the mists of chaos comes a shadowy menace, an unstoppable marauder who dares challenge the Gods themselves: The Godslayer.*

*Previously: Accompanied by the wandering thief Dromo and the ghost of Neva, the Godslayer returns to the island kingdom of Endra-La. There, Bairn witnesses the scale of destruction he brought to the land of his birth and the tension between Bairn and Neva grows. After recovering her bones, Neva is restored to life and she and Bairn enjoy a short reunion. But the lovers' happiness is cut short Neva when is dispatched on an unspoken mission.*

## **PAGE 1.**

### **Panel 1.**

Establishing shot of the Citadel of PANDOS, gathering place of the ARCADEAN GODS. Similar to opening sequence of the first issue of the series. It is morning and the golden sun illuminates the domes of the towers.

**CAPTION:** At the peak of MOUNT CARABAX is the floating Citadel of PANDOS, seat of the Gods of ARCADEA...

**VOICE (from inside):** My brother is SLAIN and I mean to SEE him AVENGED!

### **Panel 2.**

Cut to inside: Wide shot. The various Gods are gathered - all the ones we've seen before (ABAX, XANTHEA, TYBALT, MATHOM, KASTREA, ELTRIS and AELPH) except for Delpho, who is of course dead. Golden shafts of light pour down from the open ceiling. The various Gods are seated in the semi-circle of thrones, with PRAELYX standing before them, her back to us, addressing the assembly. We don't necessarily need to see all the Gods in this shot, just get a sense that they are there. Our focus is primarily on Mathom, Xanthea and Abax.

Anyway, Praelyx is addressing the gathering of fellow Gods, telling them about her suspicions regarding her brother's death. She does

not believe it to be an accident and has suspicions this so-called Godslayer is involved.

**ABAX:** Calm yourself, Praelyx. I will not be spoken to thus.

**PRAELYX:** Calm myself? The BLOOD of a GOD is spilled and you speak of calm? This is MADNESS!

**XANTHEA:** Delpho was killed by your own ARROW, PRAELYX. It was an accident. No one blames. Do not blame yourself.

### **Panel 3.**

Reverse angle. We see Praelyx standing in the in the chamber, explaining her suspicions. Her stature and posture are formal and respectful as she is addressing the pantheon. But her face shows anger and frustration that she is trying hard to contain. Perhaps her hands are balled into fists. She does not understand her family's lack of interest into the death of one of their own.

She tells them that she has learned much about this Godslayer and recites some of the stories she has heard. (This will serve as general exposition for new readers.)

**PRAELYX:** I do not blame myself! It was a trick, an illusion! This so-called GODSLAYER is behind Delpho's murder! I'm sure of it!

**PRAELYX:** He murdered Llyra of Endra-La. He slew Urshrek and Jorren and buried the land of Uhmber.

### **Panel 4.**

Angle on Abax as his daughter speaks. Something is troubling him.

**PRAELYX:** We should be MASSING an ARMY! Hound him to ends of the world! Blood must be paid with BLOOD!

## **PAGE 2.**

### **Panel 1.**

Praelyx turns to Tybalt and asks him what he has heard. Surely he has seen or heard something. Tybalt turns his head away, not meeting her gaze.

**PRAELYX:** TYBALT... You can CIRCLE the world in the time it takes a leaf to fall to the ground. You must have HEARD something, SEEN something!

## **Panel 2.**

Praelyx turns towards Aelph and Kastrea, to ask their council. Kastrea, having no mouth, of course doesn't speak. Aelph tries to reason with the increasingly agitated Praelyx.

**PRAELYX:** KASTREA, AELPH... listen to me. Delpho haunts my dreams. He sends me warnings from the world beyond. He begs to be avenged.

**PRAELYX:** Wise cousin, you at least must see his death was no accident.

**AELPH:** Oft times, even among the Gods, the SIMPLEST explanation is the TRUE one

## **Panel 3**

Praelyx has lost control of the temper she has been trying to control. She accuses the others of trying to mollify her, of trying to brush her off with soothing words. One pissed-off Vengeance Goddess.

**PRAELYX:** Why do you deny what is OBVIOUS? Why do you not seek JUSTICE for one of our OWN?

**PRAELYX:** Do NONE of you CARE what has befallen our kinsmen? Do you think such a fate might not come to the rest of us?

## **Panel 4.**

Abax stands up in a rage now. How dare Praelyx question his love for his son or that he cares not for the fate of the pantheon? Praelyx' own rage grows, as spits out her response.

**ABAX:** How dare you question my JUDGMENT? Or my love for my own SON? GUILT has polluted your reason, Praelyx.

**ABAX:** OBSESSION is a heady wine. And it has DOOMED more GODS than any so-called GODSLAYER!

**PRAELYX:** SECRETS are what DOOMS the Gods. Secrets and lies! And we keep far too many of them in THIS FAMILY.

**Panel 5.**

Abax, still standing, is clearly angry and about to respond, perhaps violently. But Xanthea stands a hand on his shoulder to calm him. She speaks sternly but clearly to Praelyx. The council has spoken. The issue is decided. There will be more discussion.

**ABAX:** ENOUGH! Praelyx, by my OATH I shall...

**XANTHEA:** Calm yourself, Abax. Praelyx, the council has spoken. The matter is settled.

**Panel 6.**

Praelyx has turned and is storming out of the chamber.

**PRAELYX:** For you perhaps...

**PRAELYX:** But not for me.

**PAGE 3.**

**Panel 1.**

Establish the GODSLAYER ship on a gray and choppy sea. The skies are gray but it is not storming yet. The whole world seems limbo-like, everything in shades of gray so that it is hard to tell sea from sky, day from night.

**DROMO:** Where are we?

**Panel 2.**

On Dromo, who is at the prow of the ship looking off through a spyglass. “

**DROMO:** I can't see the HORIZON. I can't see the STARS or the SUN of the MOONS...

**DROMO:** ...Or WHATEVER it is that is supposed to be out this time of day!

**Panel 3.**

Dromo turns and looks back at GS, who is standing mid ship. He stands at the edge looking over the side. Dromo calls to him, and again asks where they are going.

**DROMO:** It's been DAYS of this! Just floating aimlessly in the mist. At least it feels like days. Where are we heading?

**GODSLAYER:** We go where CURRENT take us.

**Panel 4.**

Dromo crosses towards GS. GS, who has his back to him, says nothing. We can see from this angle, the GS is holding something in his hand.

**DROMO:** That's well enough for you. But some of us have to EAT eventually. And DRINK. And WALK on solid ground. And SLEEP in warm bed, preferably with even WARMER company.

**DROMO:** Wallowing in limbo does no one good.

**Panel 5.**

On GS, who stands facing the sea, looking down at something he holds in his open hand.

**DROMO (off):** Elyar?

**Panel 6.**

Close-up: We see NEVA's ring in the palm of his hand.

No Copy.

**PAGE 4.**

**Panel 1.**

Dromo approaches GS from behind, putting his hand on his shoulder. The ship lists slightly to one side.

**DROMO:** Look, friend, I know you've suffered a loss...

**Panel 2.**

That's all Dromo gets out because GS wheels around and shoves Dromo in the chest with the palm his hand, sending him flying back, where he crashes against the bulkhead at the rear of the ship.

**SFX:** WHAM!

**DROMO:** Uff!

**Panel 3.**

On Dromo, starting to get up, trying to appeal to GS. He has had enough of his masters moping.

**DROMO:** She's not DEAD! She just went on an... an ERRAND. I'm sure she's the sun and the stars and all, but she's just a GIRL... SNAP OUT of it! This is too MOROSE, even for you!

**DROMO:** If there's one thing I've learnt about WOMEN in my time, is that NOT ONE of them is WORTH all this --

**Panel 4.**

Similar angle. Dromo is trying to get up, his back to the bulkhead, when one of GS's KNIVES flies through the air, missing Dromo's head by inches. It pierces his cloak just above the shoulder and pins him to the bulkhead. Dromo looks stunned.

**SFX:** THUDDDD!

**Panel 5.**

Wider angle. GS is walking towards the prow, Dromo still pinned toward the aft.

**DROMO:** Right then. So I'll just stay here.

**DROMO (smaller):** Let you be.

**DROMO (smaller still):** Leave you to your thoughts.

**Panel 6.**

GS stands at the prow, looking into the distance. A storm is approaching, a great black funnel, like a tornado at sea.

No Copy.

**Panel 7.**

Long shot. The ship sails on. In its wake we see creatures following – the Merrows. We don't really get a good look at them yet, just maybe hair or claws or fins. Just a sense that something is in the water and it is following them.

No Copy.

**PAGE 5.**

**Panel 1.**

Wide shot of a stark, barren landscape in the wilds of Arcadea. This is much different than the lush and verdant land we've seen before. This is the shadow side, the wicked side, where secrets dwell. It is a foreboding wasteland in a desolate valley, ringed by craggy mountains and dotted with bare, blasted trees. The sun setting behind the horizon, staining the sky blood red.

A lone figure rides on horseback, coming towards the reader.

**CAPTION:** Beyond the green fields of Arcadea, past the pillars of Nynth, lie the Silent Wastes. For a hundred leagues in all directions no bird sings and no living stirs.

**CAPTION:** There, in the heart of the wastes, dwell the ELTHRAIN. Their ancient, weathered roots reach down into the past, into the beginning of time itself.

**CAPTION:** They are said to be among the oldest creatures in the world. They are certainly among the CRUELEST.

**Panel 2.**



Fairly large panel: We see three extraordinary creatures (or perhaps it is one creature with three aspects). These are the Elthrain, and they guard prophecies. In general terms, they appear as a strange cross between MacBeth's Witches and the Nordic World Tree, Yggdrasil.

Picture three great ash trees, ancient and weathered. They are arranged in a crescent or curved formation. Each has broad, twisted trunk, gnarled roots delving into the black earth and numerous wild, near leaf-less branches, twisting and warping in random directions (somewhat like the trees in an Arthur Rackham illustration). The branches and roots of each tree mingle, knit and connect with its neighbor, so as to make hard to see where one begins and the other ends. Hanging from strings on the branches are the bones and skulls of men, animals and other strange beasts. There are only a very few autumnal leaves dangling from the branches, like a tree in the very last days of fall. And most notably, each tree has a FACE, like the face of an old woman, in the hollow of its trunk. The face seems roughly human, but it is as if the skin were stretched and pulled so that its features and expressions are distorted. The faces are high enough up on each trunk that you'd have to look upwards if you were standing in front of it. While the women's faces are disturbing and fearsome, but they also ancient, wise and imposing, evoking dread and respect from those who gaze upon them.

Directly in front of the Elthrain is stone-lined well that contains an ever-burning fire. And just beyond that is a large pool of water. It is a seeing pool and is the twin of the one that is in the citadel on Mount Carabax. (I have a rough sketch of this layout to give you a clearer idea what I'm talking about). The pool is as smooth and untroubled as a silver mirror. The Elthrain are some of the oldest, perhaps even the oldest things in the world of Ur. Their roots reach down deep into history, down into the beginning of time itself. Even the Gods fear and respect them. Speaking of which, the Elthrain discuss the imminent approach of a Goddess right now.

**ELTHRIAN 1 (ancient, ragged voice plz):** She's in a foul state... So filled with anger... Too full of...

**ELTHRAIN 2:** ...PASSION... It will prove her downfall. In the end...

### **Panel 3.**

We see now the approaching rider is PRAELYX. She is riding up to where the Elthrain stand, reining in her horse as it hurtles to a stop.

**ELTHRAIN 3 (off panel):** ...It always does.

**Panel 4.**

Close on Praelyx now. She is a vengeance Goddess and it shows on her face; She means business. She respectfully but briskly greets the Elthrain and declares her respect.

**PRAELYX:** Sisters of the earth, mother of the wood... I seek a vision.

**CAPTION:** PRAELYX is a Goddess: daughter of King ABAX, patroness of the hunt and singer of VENGEANCE. But even her voice shakes as she stands before them.

**ELTHRAIN:** And why do you not use... your FATHER'S seeing pool, child? Or beseech your cousin... Kastrea the Silent...

**ELTHRAIN 2:** ...who sees the future but cannot speak it? Why vex the ELTHRAIN with your troubles?

**Panel 5.**

Wide shot of the scene. Praelyx is off her steed and standing in front of the Elthrain now.

**PRAELYX:** My KINSMEN think my quest is FOLLY.

**ELTHRAIN 3:** Perhaps they are right. But no matter. Have...

**ELTHRAIN 2:** ...you brought an offering, child?

**PRAELYX:** Yes, grandmother. It is but a HUMBLE one, but I think it will please...

**Panel 6.**

Angle favoring Praelyx. She is holding up a small silver box, no more than six inches cubed, with a hinged lid. The lid is open and there is a blinding light pour forth from the box, as if it contained a miniature sun.

**PRAELYX:** I bring you the SONG of a DRAGON. I stalked the beast across the stars. I cut the song from its still-

beating HEART and damned its SOUL to a restless afterlife.

**ELTHRAIN:** It is enough... It will... SUFFICE...

**Panel 7.**

Praelyx tosses the item – box and all – into the well of fire, which spurts forth a great column of flame as it consumes the offerings.

**PAGE 6.**

**Panel 1.**

Praelyx is defiant now as she stands before the Elthrain. She has made her offering and now wants information.

**PRAELYX:** NOW! Show me his FACE. I want to see him. The one they call GODSLAYER! Wise mothers, show me where I might find him!

**Panel 2.**

Wide shot favoring the Elthrain. They are not offended by Praelyx's impatience, but rather amused. They speak to each other, as if she weren't standing there in front of them.

**ELTHRAIN 1:** Such Pride... such vanity... That is the CURSE of her kind...

**ELTHRAIN 2:** HUBRIS... It will be her downfall. It always is... I wonder...

**ELTHRAIN 3:** Why is it... they go to such trouble... but in the END they... “

**Panel 3.**

Close on one of the Elthrain's ancient, weathered faces, finishing the thought.

**ELTHRAIN:** ... always ask the WRONG QUESTION?

**Panel 4.**

ECU. One of the few leaves on the tree falls from its branch, tumbling slowly through the air...

**ELTHRAIN (off):** Very well, child...

**Panel 5.**

The leaf lands in the pool, causing the tiniest of ripples to appear in the pool's glassy surface....

**ELTHRAIN (off):** We will show you what you seek...

**Panel 6.**

The ripples spread outward, radiating towards the edges of the pool. Inside the pool we begin to see an image. It is hazy at first...

No Copy.

**Panel 7.**

Larger panel now. Reflected in the seeing pool, we see a vision: The GODSLAYER and DROMO on board the GS's ship in the driving rain. The ship is tossed by powerful waves and they are in the midst of fighting a number of bizarre creatures.

No Copy.

**PAGE 7.**

**Panel 1.**

Large panel. We get a better look at what we were seeing on the previous page. (Feel free to put as much of this as you like in the previous panel). GS and DROMO aboard the ship under a heavy, driving rain. Neva is not present. The sea is wild and tempestuous, waves tossing the ship at severe angles. The two of them are in the middle of a great battle. The ship is being assaulted by a dozen or so MERROWS - creatures that seem like monstrous mermaids and mermen. They have an elongated fish-like tails for the lower body and a grotesque humanoid upper body. Their long arms ends in long, bony-fingered hands that are webbed and tipped with razor sharp

claws. They have long, wild hair and cold black eyes. Their wide, gaping mouths are filled with scores of needle sharp teeth. From their torso, there are tentacle-like appendages; three on each side of the rib cage. The appendages are snake-like and prehensile and are each tipped in a sharp, barb or hook.

Presently, several Merrows are hauling themselves out of the water, scrambling to get up and into the ship, while several more swimming hungrily in the waves beneath. At this point, a handful are just coming over the top of the rails and reaching greedily out at GS and Dromo who fight to repel the invaders. (Note: GS does not wear his helm. Dromo is wearing his hooded traveling cloaking in utterly vain attempt to keep from getting drenched from the rain and sea spray).

**GODSLAYER:** Dromo! What are these BEASTS?

**Panel 2.**

Favoring GS. Two of the Merrows clawing at him scream as he cuts them both in twain with a single stroke of his sword, even as their evil like fingers grab at him. The tentacles lash wildly in the air.

**DROMO:** MERROWS! They must have been following in our wake, waiting for us to DIE!

**Panel 3.**

A different angle. We see both GS and Dromo dispatch more of the Merrows. Still more are hauling themselves up the sides of the ship.

**DROMO:** Looks like they ran out of PATIENCE!

**Panel 4.**

As Dromo stabs at one of the creatures, running it through, one of its tentacle-things snakes out and stings him with its barb in the shoulder of his right arm.

**DROMO:** AHHH!

**Panel 5.**

The sting is venomous and has paralyzed Dromo's arm, causing him to drop his sword. He cries out in pain. GS, if he's in this shot, turns to react.

**DROMO:** My arm! It's gone NUMB!

**Panel 6.**

GS hurries to Dromo's side, wielding his sword in a great arc, cutting several hungry Merrows to ribbons before they can feast on Dromo.

**SFX:** SLAAASH!

**Panel 7.**

In the background, GS keeps fighting and asks about Dromo's condition, whether he can still fight or not. Dromo, in foreground, doesn't answer. He's staring at something off panel. His expression shows that whatever it is, it is enough to somehow make him forget all about the host of cannibalistic sea scavengers currently assaulting the ship.

**GODSLAYER:** DROMO, can you fight? Dromo?

**DROMO:** Mathom's balls... do you see that?

**PAGE 8.**

**Panel 1.**

Reaction shot of GS standing, still in the midst of battle, but staring off in a direction, eyes narrowed as if he too can't believe what he's seeing.

**GODSLAYER:** I see it.

**Panel 2.**

A fairly wide shot, looking down at the ship. Some distance away, it looks like the sea comes to an end, falling off the edge of the world like a giant waterfall. Rain continues to fall in great sheets. Thunder and lightning rack the sky.

No Copy.

### **Panel 3.**

Wider shot. We now see that the ocean seems to have been “hollowed out” in a large area. Think of it as if the surface of the ocean were solid ground, and a large, round, bowl-shaped crater has been formed there. Similarly, it seems like a large, round basin or bowl has been carved out of the middle of the sea and all the water and rain is draining into this strange phenomenon.

At this point, we can see the outer curve of the hollow and we see the GS ship still at a distance but clearly drifting towards the edge.

No Copy.

### **Panel 4.**

BIG PANEL: Ariel shot. We can see almost the entire “hollow” in the ocean surface, the waves cresting over its curved edge and rushing into the space below. And there, floating above it all is fantastic sight: An enormous CASTLE MADE OF RAIN.

It is a gothic-like fortress that hovers above the hollow in the ocean, slightly above the level of the sea itself. The castle is huge, much, much bigger than the GS ship. From its scale – the great gate and door, its dark, empty windows, its towering ramparts, etc. – it seems to have been designed for a race of very wet giants. It sports sharply pitched roofs, gothic arches and traceries, towering spires, etc. Very grand yet doom-laden.

The ultimate effect should be not merely a fantastic fortress in the middle of the sea that is obscured by the rain, but rather that the castle is MADE OUT OF the rain. Each raindrop is somehow conspiring to place itself into such a position that together they form the shape of the edifice.

**SFX (thunder): KA-THOOOM!**

## **PAGE 9.**

### **Panel 1.**

The ship drifts over the side of the hollow. The prow now hangs over empty space.

No Copy.

**Panel 2.**

The entire ship falls over the edge now, toppling down into the chasm, turning end over end.

No Copy.

**Panel 3.**

On GS, clinging to the prow the ship turns over in the air, his arms gripping tightly around one of the Dragon heads.

No Copy.

**Panel 4.**

On Dromo as he careens downward, turned upside down, tangled in sailcloth and bloody bits of Merrow.

No Copy.

**Panel 5.**

The entire ship and all on board crashing into bottom of the hollow and being swallowed by the waves.

No Copy.

**PAGE 10.**

**Panel 1.**

Back with the Arcadean Gods in their chamber at Pandos. We start with a tight close-up of KASTREA, her sad, mouthless face.

**ABAX (off panel):** Kastrea, show us what you see...

**Panel 2.**

Closer in, just her eyes now. They show sadness and loss and one eye is welling up with a tear.



No Copy.

**Panel 3.**

One perfect tear trails down her cheek...

No Copy.

**Panel 4.**

... and falls through the night air, glistening like a pearl.

No Copy.

**Panel 5.**

The teardrop falls into the scrying pool at the Citadel of Pandos, sending ripples radiating through out its surface. We can see Kastrea standing above it, her image reflected in the surface.

No Copy.

**Panel 6.**

Wider shot now. Abax, Xanthea and Mathom are also present, and looking down into the pool. It is night now and the pool reflects an eerie glow on their faces as they look down and process what it is telling them. Kastrea has stepped back to let the Elder Gods examine her prophecies.

**ABAX:** Where is PRAELYX now? What has she done?

**XANTHEA:** It is as we FEARED.

**Panel 7.**

On Xanthea now.

**XANTHEA:** She has gone to the ELTHRAIN. She seeks their council now.

**Panel 8.**

Favoring Abax, who grows angry.

**ABAX:** Those meddling HAGS! I should have put a torch to them AEONS AGO! This puts everything at RISK!

**Panel 9.**

Three-shot of Abax, Xanthea and Mathom.

**ABAX:** What will she do now?

**XANTHEA:** I do not know.

**MATHOM:** I do.

**Panel 10.**

Tight on Mathom's sullen, battle-scarred face.

**MATHOM:** She will go the DARK KING.

**MATHOM:** She will go to OUR BROTHER.

**PAGE 11.**

**Panel 1.**

Darkness. Pitch black.

No Copy.

**Panel 2.**

The same. We hear a voice. It curses and grumbles. Another voice answers.

**VOICE (no pointer):** Ughn... Mother of all WHORES....

**VOICE (no pointer):** Dromo?

**Panel 3.**

Another black panel. Just voices in the dark.

**VOICE (no pointer):** Bairn? Where are you?

**VOICE (no pointer):** Here.

**VOICE (no pointer):** I can't see anything. Are we DEAD?

**Panel 4.**

GS has produces a glowing light that floats in the palm of his hand. It is enough to illuminate the scene:

GS and Dromo are on the floor of some chamber. They are waterlogged and look like bodies washed up by the surf. Both of them are very weary and it is effort enough just to lift their heads and look around. The floor seems to be made of something like marble, cold and smooth and a pale blue-gray. With the water on it, it looks almost like a mirror.

**GODSLAYER:** No. I don't believe so.

**DROMO:** Well, that's blessing. Where are we? Last thing I remember is that HOLE in the sea and that CASTLE floating in the storm.

**DROMO:** Did you see it?

**GODSLAYER:** Aye.

**Panel 5.**

The two of them are standing now. GS has increased the light in his hand and though it illuminates the area for several yards all around them, it still does not show them much.

**DROMO:** I can't make anything out.

**GODSLAYER:** We need more light.

**Panel 6.**

Wide shot. The light has been turned up to super bright and floated up high into the air above them. It finally shows us were they are. They are in a HUGE (and I mean HUUUGE!!!) gothic chamber, like a cathedral but much bigger. It appears to be fashioned out of marble or similar substance. It is an architectural wonder with soaring ceilings, elaborate ribs and rafters, very very grand, yet at the same time imposing and somewhat gloomy. There are high narrow windows

through which we can not see. Great pillars rise up taller than red woods. GS and Dromo stand in the middle of it, craning their necks to take it all in, dwarfed by the size of it.

In an odd way, it is a kind of twin to the GS fortress, but rather than seeming organic and cave-like, it is elegant and ornate and its proportions make it clear it was built for something much bigger than men. Think of the Cathedral at Chartes or some of Simonson's wildest visions of Asgard.

**DROMO:** Oh.

## **PAGE 12.**

### **Panel 1.**

Wide shot. On the pair of them as they wander through the halls of this strange fortress, the magic light following them as they move.

**GODSLAYER:** Hello?

### **Panel 2.**

They enter a long gallery, with giant pillars in a long row leading to a great THRONE at the far end.

**DROMO:** Anyone, er... HOME?

### **Panel 3.**

Down shot of them walking down the gallery, towards the end where the throne stands.

No Copy.

### **Panel 4.**

They stand before the throne and it is GIGANTIC, built for someone much bigger than a house. GS has his sword at the ready and calls out again, this time shouting.

**GODSLAYER:** HELLO!

### **Panel 5.**

Something has caught Dromo's attention. He stands in front of one of the enormous pillars and stares at it, tilting his head curiously. He is intrigued by the way the light dances of its surface.

**DROMO:** Elyar! Look at this...

**Panel 6.**

Closer on Dromo. He reaches out to touch the pillar and his hand passes through it. It *splashes* around his fingers.

**DROMO:** It's made of WATER! The whole building!

**Panel 7.**

Dromo stands with his hand in the pillar while what appeared to be marble passes through his fingers, droplets splashing around. He's grinning. For some reason this amuses him immensely.

**DROMO:** It's made of RAIN!

**Panel 8.**

Wide shot of the area. GS stands behind Dromo examining his discovery. Another voice speaks, from off panel.

**VOICE (From off panel. Special balloon):** It is MADE of TIME.

**PAGE 13.**

**Panel 1.**

GS and Dromo turn towards the sound of the voice, weapons raised, ready for anything.

**GODSLAYER:** Who are you? What is this PLACE?

**Panel 2.**

Reverse angle. We see a figure approach through the gallery of pillars. He seems more or less human, or at least the idea of human. He is man-size, bald, with simple, handsome features. His skin is a

soft, pale blue, similar to the inside of the tower. He has no eyebrows or lashes or hair of any kind. His eyes are plain smooth surfaces, the color of his skin, with no irises or pupils. His flesh is veined with an elaborate, elegant silver-ish filigree, like a full body tattoo but more delicate. He is dressed in a simple robe or perhaps cloth that winds about him without touching him, much like Llyra's gown. Over all, he doesn't seem threatening, but he does seem *very* impressive.

**HATH-UR:** You may call me HATH-UR. I have brought you here.

**GODSLAYER:** BROUGHT us?

### **Panel 3.**

Tighter on Hath-Ur as he approaches.

**HATH-UR:** Forgive the methods by which you were borne here. I had little choice. I needed to remove you from the influence of your MASTER, Godslayer.

**HATH-UR:** We are removed from TIME, from EXISTENCE, in this place. We are beyond all influences and all categories of THOUGHT.

### **Panel 4.**

He nears them now. Dromo gestures at the throne.

**DROMO:** Speaking of masters, where's the man of the house?

**HATH-UR:** The throne is my own.

### **Panel 5.**

On Dromo, who looks skeptical, sizing Hath-Ur. He seems a bit small for such a giant throne.

**DROMO:** OVERCOMPENSATING a bit, aren't we?

### **Panel 6.**

On Hath-Ur, just the faintest hint of a smile on his lips, the first hint of anything we could all "emotion" from him.

**HATH-UR:** You would find my TRUE FORM rather unsettling, I'm afraid. Your minds were not made CONCEIVE such things.

**DROMO (off):** You don't say?

**PAGE 14.**

**Panel 1.**

Hath-Ur continues:

**HATH-UR:** Understand... my kind are OLDER than then all the RACES OF MEN. Older than the SEA and the STARS.

**HATH-UR:** OLDER BY FAR than even YOUR kind, GODLING.

**Panel 2.**

Favoring GS. He still has his sword at the ready, unsure of the situation.

**GODSLAYER:** You mistake me, stranger.

**GODSLAYER:** I am NO GOD.

**Panel 3.**

Favoring Hath-Ur:

**HATH-UR:** Indeed. I was NOT referring TO YOU, GODSLAYER.

**Panel 4.**

GS turns and looks at Dromo incredulously. Could this possibly be? Could this ragged thief secretly be a god?

**GODSLAYER:** Dromo...?

**Panel 5.**

Dromo simply shrugs, like *hey, what can I say?*

**DROMO (small):** Did I... fail to mention that?

**Panel 6.**

Hath-Ur in the foreground. He has turned and is walking away, towards us. GS and Dromo stand in the background.

**HATH-UR:** Come. We have much to DISCUSS.

**PAGE 15.**

**Panel 1.**

Wide shot. Praelyx on horseback. She rides through a rocky expanse of jutting, jagged stones. Smoke and brimstone rise up from cracks in the ground. Here and there, bones and skulls of various creatures are scattered about. It is NIGHT.

**CAPTION:** The furthest frontiers of Arcadea, far beyond Mount Calabax and the golden fields Embria... beyond even the wastes of the Elthrain...

**CAPTION:** The air is stale and reeks of DEATH and DECAY. Smoke and brimstone rise from cracks in the pitted earth.

**Panel 2.**

Closer on Praelyx as she rides, steely determination etched on her face.

**CAPTION:** She can feel it on her tongue. Traces of BONE and ASH and clotted BLOOD.

**CAPTION:** She is nearly there.

**Panel 3.**

Praelyx approaches great opening in the earth, like a wide cave mouth rimmed by jagged stone. It is a great, gaping opening, utterly dark, and large enough that an army could march through it. The ground before the opening completely covered with bones, piles and piles of



bleached, pale bones. Praelyx pulls her horse to a halt a few dozen yards from the entrance.

**PRAELYX:** MABRECHAI!

**PRAELYX:** MOTHER-OF-BONES!

**Panel 4.**

On Praelyx's face as she calls out.

**PRAELYX:** I BEG passage to the NETHER REALMS.

**Panel 5.**

The mound of bones moves and shambles, as if something very big, very terrible is stirring beneath it. A shape begins to emerge.

**SFX:** rummmmbbble...

**PAGE 16.**

**Panel 1.**

Big panel. We are looking at the Mother-Of-Bones, a mythic creature that guards the entrance to the Arcadean underworld, a bit like Cerberus guarded the gate to Hades. But rather than a three-headed dog, this is like an enormous, skeletal scorpion, if scorpions had skeletons. It is composed of bones and stands on six insect-like legs with an enormous stinger at the back. Its head is somewhat more human, like a giant woman's skull but somewhat distended. Strands of white, stringy hair still cling to the skull in patches and the hollows of the eyes are illuminated by an unearthly glow. Its mouth is lined with rows of sharp teeth. She is very big, the size of a city bus and stands above Praelyx, blocking the entrance to the underworld. She looks like she could swallow the young goddess and her horse in a single bite.

**MONSTER (special voice):** You seek passage to the SUNLESS LANDS? Then you must get past ME!

**MONSTER:** I am HUNGRY... I am so very HUNGRY... You are SMALL... but it would be something...

**Panel 2.**

Mother-of-Bones moves towards Praelyx on her spindly, bony legs. She is very hungry. She has not fed for a long time. Praelyx's horse, stirs but the Goddess stands her ground.

**PRAELYX:** I am PRAELYX, Daughter of ABAX. I am a GODDESS. I seek an audience with my KINSMAN and your MASTER!

**MONSTER:** But I am so HUNGRY... perhaps... just the HORSE then...

**PRAELYX:** No. But I am not blind to your suffering.

### **Panel 3.**

Praelyx is atop her horse, doesn't flinch, shows no fear. She reminds the creature that she is a Goddess and they are bound by ancient oaths to one another. Again, she asks to pass.

**PRAELYX:** I am a HUNTRESS. I shall have my attendants bring you a SACRICE when my business is done. A great feast you shall have. I give you my OATH.

### **Panel 4.**

Mother-of-Bones seems unconvinced. Focus tight on her monstrous face as she considers the offer.

**MONSTER:** If... you survive... the ABYSS...

### **Panel 5.**

Mother-of-Bones reluctantly agrees and moves aside.

**MONSTER:** Very well... you may PASS...

### **Panel 6.**

Praelyx and her horse leap into the opening, and it is like diving into a pool of darkness.

We catch them in mid leap. Half of their forms is swallowed up by nothingness as it passes through the veil into death, while the other half appears to remain on whole.

**PRAELYX:** Thank you, MABRECHAI.

### **Panel 7.**

Finally, horse and rider have completely vanished again and Mother-Of-Bones collapses once again into a heap of bones.

No Copy.

### **PAGE 17.**

Okay, Phil, I'm not quite sure how this should breakdown, so I'll let you play with it and lay it out how you see fit. Go as wild as you want.

### **Panel 1.**

So we start simple. Small panel. We are with Hath-Ur, GS and Dromo in a huge, round tower room. It is encased by a large dome that rises from the floor to high above their heads. The dome is made of some kind of translucent material, a bit like frosted glass. The three stand together as Hath-Ur explains his predicament.

**HATH-UR:** I am HATH-UR and I have RETURNED.

**HATH-UR:** In this, I am not alone. Behold.

### **Panel 2.**

Okay, this is going to be a big phantasmagorical montage, taking up most of the page. As Hath-Ur speaks, images appear on the dome above and behind him, illustrating the things he speaks of. It can either seem like shadow puppets cast against the translucent surface, or maybe it's actual images projected on the surface. Either way, it should feel eerie and grandiose at the same time. Somewhere between the feeling of being at a planetarium and that of actually being inside a crystal ball while images are conjured up around you.

Hath-Ur explains about the Old Ones – beings that existed before the world, before Gods, before time itself. They shaped the void to their liking and indulged in diversions and amusements unimaginable to men. Their ways and thoughts are utterly alien to what we know. They dreamt great monstrosities into being and gave form to great powers. We should see this displayed to some degree on the dome – alien, protoplasmic creatures with a hundred eyes and a thousand mouths, living works of lava and water, strange insectoid limbs and scaly appendages. Again, it's just a sense of this, because the truth is too

much for human eyes to take in. These beings exist in many more than three dimensions. It's like being immersed in a psychotic nightmare -- strange, disorienting and overpowering.

The images fade and bleed into one another. Whether or not we see Hath-Ur, GS or Dromo in this scene is up to you. But if GS and Dromo are visible, it should be clear that they watch this presentation in a mixture of awe and discomfort.

**CAPTION:** Before this age, before time as you measure it even began, there were the OLD ONES...

**CAPTION:** They shaped the void to their will. They were not merely born from CHAOS, the WERE chaos itself...

**CAPTION:** They dreamt great monstrosities into being and gave form to great powers...

**CAPTION:** ...and great horrors...

**CAPTION:** They gave form out of nothingness, drew time out of eternity, and gave birth to a world that they shared...

**CAPTION:** Over aeons the Old Ones battled, inter-bred, merged, separated, and reshaped themselves...

**CAPTION:** And after a long time, the Old Ones grew weary and SLUMBERED...

**CAPTION:** From their Dreams sprang the GODS, and the Gods molded the chaos they inherited...

**CAPTION:** They slew the monstrosities they found and drove others into exile...

## **PAGE 18.**

### **Panel 1.**

Hath-Ur and is bizarre slide-show continues. We see the rise of familiar Gods - Llyra for instance - and the coming of civilization.

**HATH-UR:** The Gods lifted the heavens, divided day from night, sea from sky, and life from death. They filled the world with man and beast, tree and flower.

**HATH-UR:** They brought art and science and war. They ruled over the world of Ur for time beyond counting, unchallenged except by one another.

## **Panel 2.**

The vision fades and coalesces into a familiar shape. We see the inky tendril belonging to the Godslayer's MASTER, like a snaky, black tentacle of smoke containing countless luminous eyes. The tendril seems to reach down from the picture show, down out of the darkness and wrap itself around GS's shoulder. He and Dromo look on in shock.

**HATH-UR:** And then that too changed.

**HATH-UR:** Something reached out from the darkness and chose an instrument, a WEAPON. A sword to wield against the GODS themselves and bring their age to an end.

## **Panel 3.**

Then that image fades like smoke and the three of them - GS, Dromo and Hath-Ur are all simply back in the domed chamber.

**GODSLAYER:** Why do you tell me this? Why should I TRUST this SHADOW PLAY?

**HATH-UR:** Because it concerns you. And because I mean to offer you something you long for...

**HATH-UR:** Your FREEDOM.

## **Panel 4.**

Two-shot of GS and Hath-Ur.

**HATH-UR:** Did you never wonder who or what your MASTER is? Or why it seeks the doom of all Gods?

## **Panel 5.**

Favoring GS.

**GODSLAYER:** I did, at first... After long, it did not seem to matter.

**Panel 6.**

End on a close-up of Hath-Ur, making it clear to GS exactly what he's talking about.

**HATH-UR:** The OLD ONES are WAKING UP. And they want their PLAYTHING back.

**GODSLAYER #7 BACK UP:**

*Note: the back-up feature this issue is meant to be an excerpt from a paper written by Neva when she was at school, probably around the age of 14 or so. That is, long before the events of current story. Torn/frayed edges, splotches of ink and the general effects of time would be appropriate. The piece gives the readers a deeper background of the Gods of this world, the Arcadean Gods in particular, as a well as sense of the Elyar and how they see themselves and their place in the world. For all their pride and grandeur, the people of Endra-La are essentially smug, racist, xenophobes.*

*Art: add various depictions of Gods as they are seen by their followers, not necessarily the way Phil has drawn them. More abstract and primitive, the kind of images you would expect to find on a bit of pottery or a mosaics.*

A DISSERTATION UPON THE GODS OF UR  
By Lady Neva of the House of Dreaming Stars  
Lyceum of Indru  
Upper School  
Second Year

It has been said the Gods of Ur are more numerous than the stars in the night sky, and just as remote. Throughout our vast and varied world, Gods great and small rule over such affairs as love and

war, commerce and travel, murder and revenge. Weavers, dyers and candle-makers have their own household spirits they revere. Travels will appeal to different gods in different lands, asking each for permission and the blessings of a safe journey. But mostly, Gods are driven by their own whims and appetites and rarely hear, let alone consider, the pleas of men.

Here in Endra-La, we share a unique bond with Exalted Llyra. She is connected directly to us – to our race, to our people, to the islands itself – through the existence of the Vessel, the human incarnation of our lasting covenant our Goddess. Our race, the Elyar, is blessed with Llyra’s Four Great Gifts: Judgment, Courage, Strength and Mercy. It is these qualities that lift us above the cheap currency of lesser races. Our race is superior to all others because our Goddess is superior to all others.

Thus, it may be tempting up look upon the relationship other lands have with their Gods as the foolish superstitions of rustic fools. But it is worth noting that other races revere and worship their own Gods with as much fervor as the Elyar hold for our Llyra. Even the Cannibal god Urshrek, the so-called “Winter King” of remote Uhmberia, or the vampiric dream-thief Voiyad of Krace are venerated by their people. The primitive mind responds to power and might, and seeks its approval. A whipped beast may fear its master, but loves no one better.

## THE GODS OF ARCADEA

Perhaps there is no better example the complex relations between Gods and Men than that which exists in the realm of Arcadea. It is a vast region, occupying most of the continent of Enturia, an empire far greater than Endra-La in area, if not in glory. It is a verdant and fertile land and people are concerned much more with commerce and profit than with more sublime interests such as art, science or metaphysics. It is ruled by a complex pantheon of Gods who are given to scheming and plotting and for nursing long-held grudges. The fortunes of their followers are entirely dependent on the whims of these remote deities.

King Abax is the putative head of the Arcadean Pantheon. Known as the Lion of Pandos, he is strong and powerful, but also prideful and stubborn. His tantrums cause earthquakes that can be felt throughout the empire. He is scheming and secretive and prone to fits of temper. His greatest weakest, however, is his legendary lust for human women. The countryside is littered with the demi-god offspring of his numerous trysts. In fact, a child showing unusual gifts or supernatural abilities is often referred to as one of the "King's Bastards."



Xanthea is Abax's wife and queen (though some legends claim she is also his sister or mother or both.) She rules over marriage, domestic blessings, childbirth and jealousy. Abax's strayings inevitably incur her wrath, which is legendary. The couple often wages their feuds through proxy. The Althrean War, which has been waged for more than a century, is essentially a domestic row between spouses. Abax has taken the side of the Gray House of Khend in its quest for dominance of the plains of Althrea in Arcadea's western frontier. To spite him, Xanthea supports the Red House of Rhu. Generations of soldiers have fought and died, committed great acts of heroism and daring, yet their actions amount to no more than the movement of tokens on a great game board.

Tybalt, the Herald of the Arcadea Gods, is the eldest of Abax and Xanthea's children. He is said to take the shape of a living flame and can travel across the world faster than a thought. He dotes upon his mother, the queen, but ultimately his loyalties seem to lie with his father.

Eltris is the good daughter who stays out of arguments and tends to her business. She is revered by shepherds and farmers and rules over creatures of the land, and oversees the crops and seasons. She is perhaps the most beneficent of the lot and the one most accommodating to her followers. It is common in agrarian households to have a small shrine dedicated to Eltris in the home.

The Twins Delpho and Praelyx are said to govern over obsession. Delpho governs over art and literature and is sentimental and swooning in nature (as is much of Arcadean poetry.) He is patron of Romantic Obsession. His sister Praelyx is mistress of the hunt and patroness of Violent Obsession.

Hooded Mathom is the King's brother and is a sullen and battle-scarred creature. He rules the sea, storms and the creatures of the air. He is also the god of War, but he is a cool sort of warrior, a strategizing general rather than a hot-blooded foot soldier. He is said to be Abax's closest adviser.

Abax has another brother, called Tyramus, who is also a king. He rules the Dark Kingdom of the Dead and seldom appears above ground. He rules from a throne in the Arcadean Underworld and is attended by two Ravens: Ash, a black-winged bird that watches over the souls of the dead in the underworld, and Bone, an albino raven who scouts the restless spirits who have returned to the World Above.

A pair of misfits, Kastrea and Aelph, round out the major pantheon. Their true parentage is in dispute. Abax accepts them as either natural or adopted children, but Xanthea has made clear that they are not her offspring. Kastrea appears as a beautiful young maiden, but with neither hands nor mouth. She is a sad and solitary creature, unable to speak or communicate, yet her tears hold great secrets and thus she is held useful by the other Gods.

The diminutive Aelph is perhaps the most curious of all the Arcadean Gods. Known as the Lord of Humble Things, his purview is of the small details, the tiny quirks of fate on which both fortunes and kingdoms might rise and fall. The pebble that starts an avalanche. The missing scale on the throat of Dragon. The horse that drops a shoe and tosses its rider, so that an order is never delivered, and an army's maneuvers are never altered, and so a battle is lost and a war decided - these are Aelph's province. It is a subtle domain but a powerful one, and one not to be underestimated.